



THE
ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER IX.

BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

Patriæ volumus vivere cari.

FREEDOM, all hail, endearing name,
Thou soul of bliss, and standard of renown:
Thy charter to each warlike ear proclaim,
Let ev'ry tongue thy sacred influence own,
And all thyself the patriot heart inflame;
And ever o'er our favour'd clime
Let thy protecting sceptre wave sublime,
And triumph o'er the storm and mock the rage of time.

To thee we consecrate our arms;
To thee, our hope, our guardian, and our guide:
For while we gaze on thine auspicious charms,
The life-blood marches in majestic pride,
Responsive to the sound of fierce alarms.
Hark! 'tis our country's voice we hear:
Shame on the dastard soul that dares to fear,
When her resistless call impels our bold career.

Should danger summon to the field,
With conscious worth our breasts are steel'd,
And to their purpose true,
The menaces of death we brave:
Life was the boon our country gave;
And Life our Country's due.
'Twas thus our fathers stemm'd the tide of war,
Devout and loyal to their latest breath;
Exulting virtue hail'd their natal star,
And fame in radiance clad the lurid form of death.

Their deeds the page of hist'ry grace,
 And Freedom rears the trophies of their line:
 Shall then their sons belie the glorious race?
 Or shall we bow before our country's shrine,
 And swear the kindred honours to retrace?
 I hear the generous murmurs rise;
 Your ardent zeal my feeble voice outflies,
 And spurns the syren ease, and danger's rage defies.

Say, Britons, on your native coast
 Shall frantic vice her hideous revels dare?
 Say, shall rebellion's guile delude your host,
 And dark oppression with pernicious glare
 Wither the warrior's arm, the freeman's boast?
 Oh say, from Gallia's blood-stain'd shore,
 Say, will ye call Destruction's boundless store,
 That Europe may revere the British name no more?

Britannia's thanks your worth shall crown;
 Your pow'r the tools of faction shall o'erawe:
 The pride of anarchy shall cease to frown,
 And wild confusion own the curb of law,
 And peace restor'd shall witness your renown.
 Far hence I see the tempest driv'n,
 To you the sceptre of controul is giv'n;
 All hail ye chosen bands, ye delegates of heav'n.

Ye sons of loyalty, arise,
 Ye heirs of glory by the name of free;
 An anxious nation on your arm relies:
 Far more than life, she gave you liberty,
 And calls you to defend the glorious prize.
 Arise, and let the high-born soul
 Check the first factious thunders as they roll,
 And with undaunted zeal the mingling storm controul.

Yes, warriors, while in distant lands,
 Beneath the vengeance of our bands,
 The Gallic legions bend;
 Your might shall bid sedition cease,
 And, faithful to the laws of Peace,
 Your chartered rights defend.
 Check'd in her furious course shall Gallia groan,
 While on her pride the deathful bolts are hurl'd:
 And Albion reign on her ærulean throne,
 Sole Empress of the main—the wonder of the world.

Unhappy

Unhappy Gaul! thine adverse hour
 Relies on no protecting power,
 But pines in cureless grief:
 No comfort checks the bursting sigh,
 No joy illumines the tearful eye,
 Nor hope vouchsafes relief;
 But irreligion stalks in loose array,
 And tyranny devours the blasted plain,
 And impious hands th' insatiate falchion sway,
 And desolation foams o'er myriads of the slain.

LETTER,

To the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates, of the County of Norfolk, on the present alarming situation of the Country; also an ADDRESS to the Norfolk Farmers, and persons of all descriptions, capable of bearing arms, by MAJOR-GENERAL MONEY.

IT were a folly, Gentlemen, to suppose, that you are insensible of the actual situation of this Country; it were a still greater, to suppose that you look on with indifference—yet, from some cause or other, a supineness or indifference seems to pervade at this awful moment all ranks of people. Do you not know the enemy are now preparing to invade you? You may say you have been told they are, and have been told so often—and yet they have never dared to do it. But were the enemy ever until the latter end of the last war, in possession of such an extensive line of coast as they are at present? of harbours, and the means of wafting over an army? Had not the enemy occasion for all their troops to oppose the Emperor, &c. during the last war? and have they any declared enemy now in Europe but the English? and can they have any other object in view to annoy us but the invasion of England, or Ireland, or both? Indeed

I have not the least doubt of their intentions to do it. I know that there is an army now formed or forming in Holland, whose object is Invasion; when I tell you this, believe me, I have good reason for telling you so. It is pretty clear that his Majesty's Ministers know it full well, and if they do not know it, and the force of that army destined for England, they are certainly not fit for their situations—how far they are fit, time will soon discover. I have been told, Gentlemen, it is for them to provide for the defence of the Country. But suppose they are not capable of bringing as many men into the field as the exigency of the times requires, which is certainly their present situation; are we to console ourselves with loading them with reproaches after all the evil has happened to us that is likely to happen? Pretty consolation that will be! when perhaps no blame attaches to them. It is not a question now, Gentlemen, whether we ought to have gone to war, or not, but the question is whether we shall tamely look on and see this Country made a Province to France, or even made the Theatre of War? I have no scruple in saying, this is an awful crisis; it may appear more so in my eyes than in yours, for I am perfectly of Mr. WINDHAM's opinion, that your Militia will at the first onset be unequal to a

contest with veteran troops, if of such the army of France be composed. I know what raw soldiers are, in any country; *when put in the situation of troops of the line*, they are not to be depended upon, a single cannon shot will sometimes send them to the right about; there are two descriptions of troops that are more subject to panic than any other, viz. Troops who have never been in action, and men accustomed to be beaten. It has been my lot to have been in three armies that have been beaten, that at Saratoga, that at Brabant, where we had 40,000 men, and not a man could be made to halt and form, in a retreat of 30 miles, also in the army under *Dumouriez*, in Champagne, and nothing but the confidence they received from the junction of 30,000 men, under Kellerman, prevented them from disbanding altogether. These are reasons, Gentlemen, why I say this is an awful moment, should the enemy effect a landing in force.

Do you wish to have others? I will give you them. Look at our regiments, in both Cavalry and Infantry, and you will not see a man scarcely above 25 years of age, except those in foreign garrisons; most of them who had served in Flanders, &c. &c. are discharged; a man of thirty or five and thirty, has been and is considered an old man, and he is sent about his business to make room for a boy of 17. Believe me 10,000 old soldiers, or such as are now called so, are better than 20,000 young ones.—I am no alarmist, Gentlemen, or I could point out other causes of alarm of as great a magnitude; I wish only to confirm what has already been said in and out of parliament, that we are in a situation truly perilous, and probably on the eve of great events; but, Gentle-

men, I wish to do away, in part, the alarm such a description of our military force may occasion; yet at the same time I wish to make you sensible of your danger. I have to tell you, that many of the French regiments I saw last summer in France and Flanders, were no better than ours; the enemy has also discharged most of those men who had been long on service, and claimed their discharge; many of their regiments were composed only of boys. Do not, Gentlemen, flatter yourselves with the notion that we are perfectly safe while we are masters of the sea; that is only one anchor, and who would think himself safe in a gale of wind, when he knew that there was not another to let go, if that, by which the vessel was held, gave way. What is there to prevent the enemy from coming over when the wind blows fresh from the east or south east, and your fleet is off the Helder? That wind that will bring the enemy from Flushing, from the Scheldt, will prevent your fleet working up the channel; but would it be safe for them to quit their station off the Helder, and let another division of the enemy's forces out?

Having in some respect corroborated the floating rumour, that this Country is in great danger from the enterprising and determined spirit of the enemy, it would be great folly, Gentlemen, in us, patiently to wait till the roofs of our houses were on fire, before we thought of extinguishing the flames.—If I lived in the interior part of England, probably I should not have given my thoughts on this subject; not that I could justify myself in resting a quiet spectator of a public calamity; but we here in a very different situation from an inland country. Do not fancy that the sand banks off the coast, and our navy, is a sufficient protection: the enemy

enemy are not ignorant of the sea banks or of all the soundings. How many Captains of vessels were there brought into Yarmouth last war? They know all the coast as well as we do; what perhaps Gentlemen, you may think a little extraordinary, to my knowledge a plan of Yarmouth and all the environs, were sent to France by a Mons. Semonville, who was seven or eight years there: his description of Yarmouth was worth to him a recall from Hamburgh, where he then was when he sent it, and he not only recovered, after the absence of eight or nine years, all his property, but was made a Member of the Institute, &c. &c. This Emigré I saw at Paris, and there he did not deny but he obtained his recall, from the report and description he had given to the French Government of our harbours, &c. Now Gentlemen, to open your eyes to your danger, I shall bring probable events nearer your own doors. This Mons. Semonville was a naval officer, and of course not ignorant of those parts of the coast, where a landing might be effected; admitting that which cannot be doubted, he could not be ignorant that any body of men might land at Pakefield or Southwold Bay, commonly called Sole Bay, famous for the engagement in Charles the Second's time. I am aware, Gentlemen, you will ask me what are they to do there? my answer is, any thing they please, but march to London. If their force consists of 15 or 16,000 men, one half of them may the next day reach Norwich, the other half Lowestoft, which is or may be made the strongest military position in all England; here eight or ten thousand men may in a few days bid defiance to any force, that could be brought against them. Is there any force within sixty miles of us capable of preventing it? you may say what

are they to do at Norwich? What they have done every where, carry off every thing portable and valuable, and hostages for any sum of money they choose to demand; then retire to Acle, which is nearly as strong a position as that at Lowestoft; of course Yarmouth would be theirs, and all the shipping in the harbour; all this we ought to consider is probably in the report of Mons. Semonville. Look, Gentlemen, at the present situation of your moveable force in this and the adjoining counties, and then say if you think there is a number of men sufficient to prevent such an army landing, and doing what I have represented them capable of doing. This descent on our coast would be only a secondary object to an invasion in force in order to draw your attention from an object of greater importance; but what mischief, Gentlemen, what devastation, may not this country suffer, if left to the mercy of 15 or 16,000 Frenchmen?

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The object, Gentlemen, of my addressing myself to you, is, if possible, to convince you of your present situation, by the picture I have drawn of the state of the Country, and the power of the enemy, and to infuse into your minds a due sense of the danger we are now in, and that nothing short of our own exertions can prevent great evils befalling us, that you may impress the farmers and all persons capable of bearing arms with the same idea; tell them the enemy is hourly expected; tell them to put their fowling-pieces in the best repair, to lay in a stock of gunpowder, to run a quantity of ball, to practice daily with ball at marks; tell them to associate and hold themselves ready to move to such place of rendezvous, as may be thought proper for them to assemble at. It is said, Gentlemen,

Gentlemen, this would be unlawful; that you have no power to do it; I have heard of a vigour beyond the law; and if ever there was a period in the history of this country that called for energy beyond the law, this is that period. Let us arm—subscribe—associate—for the defence of this county, and leave to a future time the discussion on the legality of our proceedings. Necessity has no law, now I see that necessity; for troops that cover the capital cannot be spared to cover us, or prudently removed for our protection—if you see this in the same point of view it strikes me, you also see that necessity. Are we, Gentlemen, to wait for the Attorney General's opinion, after the French are landed, to know if we may associate and arm to defend our property before we can act? And can we act, Gentlemen, till we have associated, armed, and prepared, to meet the enemy? There is no losing time to argue points of law; necessity is our law, and on that ground, with hand and heart let us act: to burn a house or village is not lawful, but this, if the enemy were landed, I should make no scruple to do, to stop an enemy's march—but this is dry argument, and losing time; convince but the farmers, if you are convinced of the danger this country is in, and we shall find men and arms sufficient for our purpose—call to their recollection, Gentlemen, that the Americans, by their own exertions, established their independence, and they had not a single regiment formed when the Ministers here attempted to compel them to submission. Represent to them, Gentlemen, the present situation of the Brabanters, Flemings, Italians, Swiss, Hanoverians, &c. had they risen *en masse*, when they had a friendly army in their Country, they would never have been

in their degraded miserable situation, under a French Government. Tell them, that had the Dutch armed and acted with zeal and spirit, such as men shew when they are fighting for liberty and every thing that is dear to them and valuable, they would not be now in so humiliating a situation, viz. a province of France—not an individual is there to be seen in these conquered countries, who is not mortified and concerned for the evils they have brought on themselves and their posterity; lamenting, but too late, that they had not turned out to prevent the country falling into the hands of the French, who are beheld amongst them with horror—with detestation—what is life without comfort, or property without security? These are lessons, Gentlemen, worth your attention—the misfortunes and imprudence of our neighbours ought to stimulate us to a lively sense of our present situation. Though I believe it impossible for France to conquer this country, yet they may do it a mortal injury, but how and where is not for me to point out—I shall confine my observations to our own local situation—let us prevent Norfolk being a theatre of war, at least for as short a duration as possible; and what can more effectually prevent it than our being united and all in arms. Though a great deal depend on our Generals, not only in their abilities, but in the opinion the army entertains of them, yet a great deal depends on ourselves—what are the calamities attendant on the country, that is the Theatre of War? The imagination can scarce describe them—every outrage is committed on property, and but too often by friends as well as by foes—every thing is in requisition, every thing is considered as belonging to the enemy which they can lay their hands on, your corn, your cattle,

cattle, your horses, your hay, your sheep, in short all that is dear to you. To be witty out of season is certainly a species of folly, but I have known instances where no respect has been shewn the sex; where neither age or ugliness have been their protection. The French are like monkeys in some respects and tygers in others, as Voltaire justly describes them; and who would like to have, even for an hour, such monkeys to gambol* with their wives and daughters, or such tygers in their sheep-fold. You have heard of the fable of the Idle Boy, who was constantly alarming the neighbourhood with the cry of the Wolf, the Wolf, when there was not one. I am not that boy, Gentlemen; I tell you there is every reason to believe that the Wolf is coming, and I only exhort you to be prepared, and on your guard, that you may destroy him when he does come. Though, Gentlemen, I have no mighty stake, such as men of large landed property, yet I have the welfare of my Country as much at heart as any man. I am a farmer, have my fat bullocks and sheep, which I do not wish should be at the mercy of a French General; for having been one myself before the last war, I know well what you have to expect from them; I know that troops will be fed if there is the werewithall in this country to feed them.

Driving this country is an absurdity, because it is impracticable, and is rarely attempted in any case—let us defend it, for we can never drive it. In God's name, Gentlemen, let us start up like men awakened with the alarm of fire—let us arm; let us associate, for the protection of our property, the safety of our country, and credit of ourselves—

let us be prepared to defend our fire-sides. Though I have been an officer before half your Generals were born, I have no objection to receive their orders and serve under them; this is not a time to be nice; but why need we look for a chief to our association, the Noble Marquis, who is the Lord Lieutenant of our County, is a Field Marshall, and age has not impaired his mental abilities, who has seen much service, and till lately commanded this district; he will point out to us what is to be done; he will tell us how we can most effectually annoy the enemy. I have told you what is likely to happen even before this falls into your hands, therefore I shall repeat it, that there is no time to be lost—let this county set an example to all the maritime counties in England. I am perfectly aware of what may be said, that such men, so dispersed, or even in a body, could not prevent the enemy, after having made their landing good at Pakefield or Southwold, reaching Norwich; true, for without cannon the enemy cannot be stopped on Beeches Dam; this I agree to; but I will not suppose, Gentlemen, for a moment, that cannon will not be sent either to Norwich or the neighbourhood, to be a protection to so large a town as Norwich, when we are associated and armed, on a representation made by the Lord Lieutenant, Deputy Lieutenants, &c. &c. of their apprehensions for the safety of the place and the county at large—1st. From its vicinity to the enemy's coast—2dly. As no troops of any description seem to cover it or can be spared for that purpose—3dly. As we have entered into subscriptions, and formed resolutions to

* What feats the Lady in the tree might do,

I pass as gambols never known to you.—POPE.

arm and enrol men, in the view to aid and assist in defending the country, and by sending four pieces of cannon here, at this moment, to be at the disposal of the Lord Lieutenant, would give great animation to their plan of arming and training persons of all descriptions capable of bearing arms, who are to hold themselves ready to rise *en masse*, when occasion may require such a measure to be adopted—4thly. That as there are two principal passes leading to this town from the coast, that cannot be defended for any length of time without cannon, an address to this effect would certainly be attended to at such a time as this, and if, Gentlemen, it be not, yet ways and means may be found to give a check to and retard the enemy's march; I mean at those passes, for some hours, as I shall shew hereafter. A great deal may be done in a short time if you will set about it with heart and good will, having a due sense of your danger.

I know very well, Gentlemen, that I shall be censured for the steps I am taking, and that it will be considered as an impertinent interference with the military arrangements of the troops of this country; but if I had thought any one had picked Bonaparte's pocket of his plan of invasion, and sent it to his Majesty's Ministers, and they knew it to a mile, where he intended to land, which one might think they did, you should not have had any opinion from me. Having, gentlemen, examined the coast of England, from beyond Plymouth to Berwick on Tweed, which I believe few or none of his Majesty's Generals ever did, it may not be any great presumption in me, to say, that I am capable of giving as near a guess, (without picking Bonaparte's pocket) where he will land as any man; and I have no scruple of telling you,

that the County of Norfolk is more in danger of being invaded *first*, than any part of England, if Monsieur Semonville has actually made that report of Yarmouth and its environs, as he said he had; and what indeed can facilitate the enemy's grand object of an invasion, in force, more than obliging you to withdraw your troops from the capital, or occupying a large portion of your troops, at a distance from the posts, where he means to land in force, than by landing and occupying that strong position, at Lowestoft?

By effecting it, his purpose would be fully answered. It may be said, what use can three, four, or five thousand peasants do with their fowling-pieces, since it is acknowledged they are not capable of stopping the enemy at Beccles? I will tell you what use; we must suffer them first to pass without firing a shot, but the moment they enter the inclosed country, you must keep up a constant fire on their rear, and both flanks, till they reach Norwich, and by such a fire you will greatly retard their march, and give time for other troops to join, we may then pass the different ferries, on the Yare, and arrive at Acle before them; and while the enemy are amusing themselves with levying contributions, &c. &c. at Norwich, we may have time to break down the bridge, at Acle, and cut the causeway, and by dispersing all the vessels on the north river, the enemy, if hard pressed, would not easily form a junction with the troops, on the island of Lothingland; such essential service as this performed by our rangers, would be of more importance than if we had killed hundreds of the enemy.—On this march, and with cannon now and then firing on them in their rear, and by our rangers on their flanks, it might produce a capitulation at Acle. What a glory,

a glory, Gentlemen, for the County of Norfolk, to have effected this without a red coat amongst us? Be it remembered, that at Saratoga, the finest army in the world, laid down their arms to an "undisciplined rabble." The enemy's cannon will not avail them between Breeches and Norwich; cannon and cavalry are of little use in an extremely inclosed country, for if they do use cannon, they may probably lose them, as we did, in our action near Saratoga; but that will depend on yourselves and on the spirit of your men; and if the enemy are much fired on during this march, they will not be fond of making any excursion to the right or left, from the main body, to plunder and commit depredations.—It would shew them that the country is armed, and convince them that the sooner they form a junction with the other part of their force, the better. I have now given you, Gentlemen, my opinion of the danger this Country is in, and you may act, or not act upon it, as you think proper. I have already informed the Commander in Chief, "That I neither expected nor wished to be employed; that I am now too old, and have infirmities that prevent me making those exertions that will be required of a General on actual service;" yet upon this occasion, if only one hundred brave and loyal subjects, will follow me, I will annoy the enemy as far as I am able; but if I see no energy in the Country, and no steps taken to rouse the spirit of the people to a sense of their danger; no associations formed for our mutual defence, I shall begin to think we are all paralyzed by the influence of that same demon, that has brought Flanders and Holland under the dominion of the French Government, and I shall remain, with

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my arms crossed, and patiently wait events.

When Gentlemen, I had the honour of meeting you on the 9th of July, I endeavoured to impress you with a due sense of our situation; and the Marquis Townshend was also of an opinion, that this county was more in danger of being invaded than any other part of England.—The little ardour that appeared at your meeting, was paralyzed by some observations, thrown out from high authority. This address to you was then in my pocket, and it should have gone forth to the public before, if I had thought it would have produced any effect; now I think it may, as "the plot begins to thicken," and we may have still time enough to associate and arm; and, surely, there is no law to prevent it, under the immediate direction of the Lord Lieutenant, and in that persuasion I have written an Address to the Norfolk Farmers.

To the Norfolk Farmers, and persons of all descriptions, capable of bearing arms.

MY address, Gentlemen, to the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates of this County, you have here before you; it now behoves me, to shew you, that whatever opinion they may entertain of the necessity of arming, at this alarming period, is of little consequence, unless they or I convince you of that necessity. It is not a time, Gentlemen, to argue whether the war we are now engaged in, is a just and necessary war. As I have observed, to the Deputy Lieutenants, our representatives in Parliament, have considered it so; we are now only to view our present situation, and the object of the enemy, which is manifestly to conquer this country, if they

they can, and make it a province of France, which we certainly shall be, unless you come forward in a manly manner, and arm, and associate for its defence.—We are now living under the best of all possible governments, and the alternative now before us is, to submit to become the slaves of the worst. I know the spirit with which you are all animated; all that is wanted, is to rouse that spirit, by shewing you your danger, and then I think, there would be but one opinion amongst you.—I have shewn it as far as I am able, in my address, to the Deputy Lieutenants and Magistrates, I have shewn that an invasion, and of this country too, will, probably, be the first blow that the enemy will strike.—Such an event will be to you, in your present supine dormant state, like a violent thunder storm, that makes your beds rock under you, and, when awakened, you think the house is falling on your heads.—My comparison is a poor one! For you would be more than thunder-struck, in the dead of night, to hear a party of French soldiers at your door, calling you up in a language which you do not understand, and firing a volley in at your windows, jealous of some resistance, if you delayed a moment to let them in, and when they are in, plunder you of every thing valuable, and commit outrages such as delicacy forbids me to name; you must follow them with your horses, which you would see perish in their camp, and, perhaps, perish there yourselves; beaten when you did not understand them; bayoneted if you made the slightest opposition.—This is but an imperfect sketch, Gentlemen, of all the calamities attendant on an Invasion. Do you wish to know more? The last scene frequently is, firing your houses, your stables and barns. Do you wish to

know more still? I will not give you more; decency forbids it; I leave you to guess the rest.—Now Gentlemen, when I tell you this, you may think the piece a little overcharged; but I trust you will believe me, when I tell you, that I have been an eye-witness to some of these atrocities, when an enemy's country has been invaded, and I had it from an undoubted authority, that scenes more shocking, passed last war, in Brabant, and in the Province of Liege.—I really, Gentlemen, ought to apologize for supposing, (which this implies) that such a description of the consequences of an Invasion, was necessary to stimulate you to take up arms; yet this is all probable to happen, when the French land, how disposed soever their officers may be to prevent it; but, Gentlemen, what will prevent it? My answer is, to arm; to associate under spirited young men, of your own country, in order to confine the enemy to the great roads; to watch them and fire upon any that quit their column of march, and prevent parties straying off to plunder, &c.—It is a duty, Gentlemen, we owe to ourselves, our Sovereign, and our posterity; it is a duty that the existing circumstances of the times imperiously call upon us to perform.—In God's name come forward, meet together in your respective parishes; inform the Deputy Lieutenants nearest to you, how many there are of you, ready with your arms, to turn out, on the first moment of alarm; I am ready, Gentlemen, to join you, when a place of rendezvous is given.—But why need I talk of a place of rendezvous, it is given already; it is where the enemy may happen to be; there you will find me, if I first find you are disposed to defend your property, if not at my own house, lamenting that nothing that I can do will open your eyes to the danger

danger now so near you, and your misfortunes then will only excite contempt. One word more Gentlemen.--Suppose the enemy should not come at all; that they are met sea, and their expedition frustrated, will you not have done a meritorious act by arming? Will you not be entitled to the blessings of those incapable of arming, to fight for their property? Will the expence be so great that you dare not engage to arm? Thirty rounds of balls and half a pound of powder will not cost you five shillings; the balls you carry loose in a leather pocket, and your powder in a flask. No drilling is required; no facing to the right, nor facing to the left, is necessary; if a man has sense enough to know a Frenchman when he sees him, and to kill him when he can. I shall make the same observation that Sir Andrew Agnew made to his men, in the year 1745, before he engaged the rebels, at the battle of Culloden:---“There said he, are your enemies, if you do na kill them, by G—, they will kill you.”

If this, Gentlemen, should stimulate you to arm and associate for your own protection, which I hope in God it will, find out all the old soldiers there are in your neighbourhood, bring them into the Association, such men as those are invaluable; they have heard shot pass them; they will not mind the whistling of a ball; they will keep young men firm that have never been in action. The sort of war we have to make is firing from hedge-row to hedge-row, and waylaying the enemy in every direction they are likely to pass. When I see, Gentlemen, you are animated with the same sentiments with myself, viz. that I had rather lose my life in the contest, than live to see our government overturned, and this country become a province of France, I will then say the country is no longer in danger.

But, Gentlemen, there is no time to

lose, you may be told the enemy will not be here yet, that they are not prepared, do not believe it, they may be here this very night—there are many instances of people breakfasting in Yarmouth and supping in Rotterdam—believe me this is as likely a moment for them to come as any; they know *you* are not yet prepared for them, either by sea or land. And you know too, the enemy have now 140,000 men on the coast opposite to you—what are they there for? Is it for the protection of that coast against any *probable Invasion* by us? No, believe me, their object is this country; and if you had the whole navy of England in the British channel, yet may the enemy make a landing good; they are at this hour making preparations all along the coast, your navy cannot watch every port that it is probable they may come from, nor can we lay at all times off their coast without the risque of losing our whole fleet. There are times, when it blows hard, that we must make for a safe harbour, what then will there be to prevent them crossing the channel, when your fleets are driven to the Downs, or into the North Seas? Lord Duncan, the immortal Lord Duncan, had not left his station but a few hours when the Dutch came out, and boldly risked an action. While your fleet is off the Helder, the enemy, with an easterly wind, may sail from various ports in Holland and Flanders, and at the same time some of these ports are 100 miles, some 2 and 300 miles from the Helder, that wind which would bring them over will be an impediment to our fleet beating up channel to attack *the enemy before they are landed*, and it will take some hours before the Admiral at the Helder can know the enemy are out.

I am not singular Gentlemen, in thinking, that this county is more in danger than any other part of England;

if you believe me, who, if I cannot boast of any thing else, may yet pride myself in being an old officer, and one who has at least endeavoured to gain experience from service, you cannot hesitate a moment to arm in defence of your property; if you stay till you hear the enemy are landed, it will be too late to do any thing; you have nothing then to do, but to drive your cattle, if you can, and passively obey the orders given you by those, who at such a moment, will be compelled, not only to issue them, but to see them executed, however harsh and severe, or to be humble spectators of all the calamity that will then inevitably befall you; I must then, like yourselves, be also an humble spectator; but if you arm, I will attend you in a different capacity, not as your General, for that I dare not presume to be, but as one of your comrades, my rifle in my hand, to fight for my Country, my King, and our happy Constitution; to oppose the enemy as far as an individual is capable of doing it; and, till I have orders to the contrary, I will shew you how and where you can most effectually annoy them; and I will venture to say, that with one thousand well armed inhabitants of this county, having the salvation of the country, at heart, and stimulated with enthusiastic ardour to destroy the enemy, I would beat two thousand of the highest disciplined troops, in Europe, who are bent upon penetrating twenty miles into the county of Norfolk, and I will give them all the cannon they choose to have. In America, when Gen. Burgoyne's army, composed of some of the best regiments in the British service, were taken prisoners, a foreigner, (Kosciusko) asked me why we brought cannon with us into the woods? What, said he, did you think to frighten us with your noise? And of

what was the army of Gates composed? Men trained to fight behind trees, inhabitants of the country, armed with fowling-pieces; they did not, it is true, dare to shew themselves in an open field; what is Norfolk, from the points an enemy may be expected, and must come, but inclosure and thick hedge rows, as well calculated for bush fighting as the woods of America; and therefore, I maintain, that one thousand good marksmen, which you may all be in one week's time, are more than a match for two thousand highly dressed regiments, who were never trained to act as irregulars; and, I pledge myself, would, in the same proportion, beat as many men as you pleased to name, placed in the same predicament, namely, obliged to penetrate twenty miles in so inclosed a country as this part of Norfolk. You would not, it is true, beat them in a position clear of hedge rows and trees; but leave that to the troops of the line, with artillery, to defend positions.—Prepare then for this service, for which you are so well calculated, from a perfect knowledge of the country: set the example, Gentlemen, to all England; put your fowling pieces in the best order possible; run balls; practise with them at marks; train all the boys in the parish, above 16 years of age, to be marksmen.—Boys, in irregular fighting, are infinitely more daring, and sooner learn to disregard shot than men unaccustomed to it, as boys a hunting will take more desperate leaps than men dare venture at.—Wait for no orders, but do it, and then report what you have done, and your number to the Deputy Lieutenants nearest to you.—Let no paltry consideration retard the operation an hour; do not wait for one another; praise worthy will be he, and much will he merit the thanks of his country, who begins first;
but

but I hope not to hear that any man began first; I hope to hear that with one accord, you all begin together: do not run for advice from one gentleman to another.—Some of the first people in this country, think we shall be invaded; let that suffice, and that this country too, will be the first object, and this for reasons I have already given you. It is a folly to suppose, the enemy will not attempt it, who are now in possession of all Brabant and Holland.

Good God! do not let such a foolish notion enter your heads, that our navy is a sufficient protection to you. I shall now say to you, what the judge says to a jury, exercise your own judgment upon all that I have urged, and upon the reasons which I have given you, and if you then think that we are not likely to be visited soon by the enemy, go home to your wives and families, and tell them if you please, that I am a mad-man, in supposing that the enemy will soon be here, and you will tell them true in saying that I am mad—not in thinking we are likely to be invaded, but at seeing a supineness amounting almost to indifference to the situation this country is now actually in, though it is evident we are at the eve of a great event, and nothing but people feeling as I do, and acting as I would wish them to do, can save it!

I shall console myself with having done my duty; I have shewn you your situation, if you do not see it in the same point of view, go home and make your arrangements for driving off your cattle; it is a pity the frogs were not included, for a Frenchman can eat frogs as well as roast beef. I advised at the Meeting of the Deputy Lieutenants, on the 9th of July, fighting for our roast beef, not driving it, nor do I see how it is to be effected, unless you arm and press on the enemy, while the

Yeomanry Cavalry drive the Country in your rear, then it may be done, and not otherwise.

It is not necessary for me to add a single syllable more, I am a plain man, and write plain language, and such as you can understand; but if you attend to your ease, your present comforts, your natural disinclination to stir out of your old beaten path in life, *you won't understand me*,—you must then remain in your torpid state, till some of you are awakened in the dead of night by a French patrolle at your door, and then you will say that I am neither a mad man nor an alarmist.

ENGLISH BRAVERY.

AT a time when many persons seem to stand doubting and weighing the value, the utility of their own exertions, it may be useful to lay before your readers an account of the conduct of a column of English Infantry, in the Battle of Fontenoy, in which they were deserted by their allies, and with no other assistance than their own valour. The account is given by Vallaine, a Frenchman, who never lost any opportunity of traducing or vilifying the English.

“Notwithstanding this disappointment, the English marched boldly over the ravin, keeping their ranks, and drawing their cannon with them; they formed themselves into three lines close-wedged, and advanced towards batteries of cannon which kept a tremendous fire upon them; whole ranks dropped on the right and left, which were immediately replaced, and the cannon which they had brought with them against Fontenoy and the redoubts, returned the fire of the French artillery. In this order they marched undauntedly, preceded by six pieces

pieces of cannon, having six more in the middle of their lines.

“Over against them were four battalions of French Guards, with two battalions of Swiss Guards on their left, the Regiment of Courten on their right, near which was that of D’Aubeterre, and, a little further on, the Regiment Du Roy, along the edge of the hollow way to Fontenoy: it was a rising ground from the place the French Guards stood to where the English were forming themselves. The officers of the French Guards said to each other, “let us go take the English cannon;” towards which they ran up with their grenadiers, and were astonished to find an army drawn up before them; and having lost by their artillery and musquetry sixty, the rest returned to their ranks with precipitation. The English continued their march, and seemed a moving body of fire to the French, whose sight was dazzled with the continued blaze, and hearing deafened, &c. with the uninterrupted noise. Nineteen officers of the French Guards were killed at the first general discharge, and ninety-five soldiers; two hundred and eighty-five were wounded; great havoc was made amongst the Swiss. The Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, four officers and seventy-five soldiers of the Regiment of Courten, dropped, besides fourteen officers and two hundred soldiers wounded.

The first line of the French being thus swept away, the three remaining looked behind, and seeing no cavalry near enough to them, they fled. The Duke of Grammont, their Colonel, and the first Lieutenant-General, who might have kept them to their duty, were dead. The English still marched slowly on, as if they were only exercising; the Majors were seen levelling the soldiers musquets with their canes, that they might shoot low and straight.

The English army had now got clear of Fontenoy and the redoubt, though they had moved in three lines before: being here pinched by the disposition of the ground, they wedged themselves into a long and thick column, impenetrable by its mass, and much more so by its courage. This dreadful column marched towards the Regiment D’Aubeterre. M. de Lutteurs advanced with the Duke of Biron, at the head of the Regiment of D’Aubeterre, led on by the Colonel of the same name. The unfortunate Lutteurs received two mortal wounds; Biron had a horse killed under him; a hundred and thirty soldiers were killed, and two hundred wounded. The Duke de Biron with the Regiment Du Roy, by flanking the left of the column, stopped its progress; a regiment of English Guards detached itself from the column, advancing a few steps towards him, killed three of his Captains, wounded fifteen others, and twelve Lieutenants; disabled seventy-nine soldiers, and killed two hundred and sixty-six. The Regiment de la Couronne, then but a little space behind that of Du Roy, presented itself to the English column.—Its Colonel, the Duke D’Harre, Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the whole thirty-seven officers, were disabled by their wounds, with about two hundred and sixty soldiers. The Regiment Seissannois, which succeeded to La Couronne, had 14 officers wounded; and lost one hundred and thirty soldiers. The Regiment Royal, which was with that of La Couronne, lost more than any other regiment at these attacks, having six officers and a hundred and thirty-six soldiers killed, with thirty-two officers and five hundred and nine soldiers wounded. The compact and resolute English column still gained ground. The Count de Noailles led on his brigade
and

and fell on with impetuosity! the Marquis of Vignacourt, Captain in his regiment, moved with his squadron to a flank of the column; it got amongst the English ranks, and but 14, with Mons. Vignacourt, escaped alive. During this disorder, the Brigades of the Garde de Corps, who had been in reserve, moved off themselves to the enemy. The Chevalier de Suzi, and Saumeri, were killed. Four squadrons of the Gens d'Arms arrived at the same time from Douay; and, notwithstanding the fatigue they had undergone in a march of seven leagues, they went to attack the enemy; but all those fresh succours, like those which preceded them, were received by the enemy with the same intrepidity, and the same continued fire. The English faced about to the several regiments, presenting themselves one after the other, pointed their cannon apropos, and, firing by divisions, still fed their fire while attacked, and ceased it with the attack ceasing.—What cannot English troops attempt, let them be but well commanded?"

Manchester Telegraph.

WHAT HAVE WE TO FIGHT FOR?

THERE is one question put to the unthinking and stupid, at this serious juncture, which exceeds all others in wickedness: "What have we to fight for?" Such a question might be expected from the most ignorant and besotted of the human species. It might come from idiots or traitors; from braves, smugglers, swindlers, and the whole tribe of public marauders, bankrupts in all honest hope, and destitute of all morals and of all character.

What have we to fight for? We have to fight for the preservation of a

great community, which exhibits a finer spectacle of intellectual and moral worth, than has ever been exhibited, from the first "syllable of recorded time." A great community of labour, skill, industry, and enterprise, of intellect, learning, and science, of honour, courage, morals and virtue, which has transformed a little island, once covered with impervious forests, and peopled by rude, naked, painted savages, into a scene of cultivation and transcendent beauty; thrown bridges over all its rivers; worked its mines; cut canals from stream to stream; filled it with populous cities; enriched it with manufactures; adorned it with palaces; sanctified it with schools, hospitals, and churches; formed harbours all round its coast, where almost all the vessels of the globe pour into its bosom the treasures of the equator and of the poles; framed for itself a constitution of peculiar excellence; laws more just and equal than those of the neighbouring states; obtained liberties and blessings both civil and religious; a community that has produced men, the benefactors and ornaments of their species, in every branch of human attainment—Bacon, Newtons and Lockes, Miltons and Shakespeares, Russels and Sydneys, and a host of worthies from all parts of the empire, innumerable as the stars in the firmament; a community, in whose fate every quarter of the globe is essentially interested; sovereign of the East, and great part of the West; colonizer of half the new world, and at this moment nursing an infant state, near the antarctic circle; a community whose language, habits, manners, and principles, from their unexampled diffusion, must affect and influence the destinies of millions of human beings through all ages; a community

community now existing in the full sunshine of its excellence; with all the means of self-defence, from the number of individuals capable of bearing arms, from unbounded wealth, and honourable pride, and public spirit; from the ocean as a barrier, and from a navy, compared to which all others, in ancient or modern times, are as nothing; a community from which all of us have received our different advantages, be they more or less, of which every one of us is an integral part, and may become a distinguished feature:—for such a community we have to arm and to fight—for its protection, for its preservation. And what if, by your criminal indifference or traitorous disaffection, your mighty adversary should succeed in his daring attack upon this nation? What Englishman can bear to anticipate a detail of miseries and horrors, beyond all that orators, poets, and painters have described, of the extent of human woes? I dare scarcely touch on scenes “that beggar all description.”

But look at your wives, your sisters, and your daughters, as yet inviolate from the brutality of ruffian French soldiers; at your sons, as yet undespoiled of the fair prospect of inheritance, which fatherly care has provided for their future happiness; at your aged, your sick, and your poor, yet able to solace their infirmities with many consolations: look at your friends and neighbours, yet decent and creditable, diffusing around you the charms of social intercourse: look at your dwellings, as yet sacred to domestic comforts; at all the various securities for your different kinds of property, and means of existence, as yet safe and untouched: look at your markets yet open; at your temples not yet profaned by wicked braggadocios and atheists; at your rivers yet un-

polluted with English blood: look at your ships and boats, yet in your own harbours; at the trees in your hedges not yet marked for foreign uses; at the goods in your shops; at the coats on your backs, the shoes on your feet, and the food on your tables, not yet put into French requisition: and when you have looked at all these, and at your enemy, and pondered them well; then, if you are not blinder than bats and moles, you will have a tolerably correct notion of the nature and consequences of a French invasion.

You have all read the History of England. You have there dwelt, with patriotic delight, on the noble exploits of your illustrious forefathers. You have seen the progressive steps by which, during so many ages, this great country has advanced in her career of prosperity and glory; through what “hair-breadth ‘scapes,” and awful dangers, the British constitution has been handed down to us: how many wise and good men have laboured to frame it; how many brave men have bled for it. In what you are now doing, you are deciding (as far as in you lies) whether your history is to be closed for ever, as the history of an independent nation, in one short and last volume. With your own hands, you are now filling up the record of national honour, or national shame. You are perpetuating a people, which is to be an example and glory to the human race, or consigning your posterity to everlasting disgrace, and yourselves to indelible infamy. Are you really tired and surfeited of the good things of this world; of riches, and greatness, and power? Will you hasten to conclude your splendid annals, with a brief and melancholy account of your disgraceful submission, your political suicide?

It

It is true, this island has been conquered before : but it was in the days of rudeness, and in the infancy of its history. Our barbarous forefathers had only the love of independence to animate them against the Romans ; but they made nevertheless a glorious stand : and we can scarcely hear of Cæsar and Agricola, without thinking of Cassibelan and Galgacus. In the Norman invasion their situation was far different, indeed from ours. But when assailed by the Invincible Armada of Philip, our ancestors fought with a courage, and a success, for their liberties, independence, and religion, such as we are now called upon to exhibit : though, even then, great and awful as the crisis was, there was less to fight for, than we have, at this most exigent of all moments. The emancipation of Europe from Papal tyranny did not, then, depend upon them in the same degree, as the emancipation of Europe and of the world, from existing and threatened subjugation, depends upon us, at present. There were, at that time, other great powers ready to take the field for the human race. But now, we are the only nation remaining, who dare to make a stand in arms against the worse than barbarian ambition of Gaul. Not even the conquest of Rome herself, by the northern nations, produced more miseries to the rest of the world, than would flow from our destruction. All their Attilas, and Alarics, and Genseric, would be fully equalled by the Massenas, and Augereaus, and Bonapartes of modern France, by the Luciens and others of the Consul's own family, by hosts of rapacious proconsuls and commissaries, by the intoxicated pride and incurable vanity of Frenchmen, by their contempt of all other nations, and their wolfish appetite for spoliation and blood. Even that, which

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men have been accustomed to think the great security of civilization, knowledge, and freedom, the *press* itself, would fall into danger of being extinguished, of being thrown back into the mass of long-forgotten inventions, which our antiquaries in vain explore among the remains of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. This mode of mental communication, which to pious minds has often appeared so wonderful, that they could attribute its discovery only to the benign and miraculous interposition of the Great Being who made and governs us, has in a peculiar degree attracted the hatred of him, with whom truth can never be accepted, till the monster casts his skin, regenerates his savage nature, and offers some atoning sacrifices on the altar of that humanity he has so dreadfully scourged. Literature, wherever moral or political truths are concerned, would be in as low and fallen a state, as during the darkest periods of Papal superstition. Soldiers would be substituted for priests ; and the bayonet usurp the old dominion of the crucifix. Mankind, always more disposed to blame others than themselves, would then look back to the inglorious submission of a people, to whom they had before looked up for encouragement and protection, as, next to France, the cause of the general ruin : or, if they revived from their apathy and slavery, hold us up as a warning to others ; putting our history into the hands of their youth, and pointing to our fate, as the natural and merited consequence of the most flagrant abuse of the choicest gifts of Providence to a people—numbers and wealth, strength and liberty.

In this unprecedented state of public affairs, the people of Great Britain must not hesitate to do themselves that justice which their situation demands.

This

This country is, at present, the last retreat of the liberty of Europe. It is the citadel of the civilization and order of all nations. It must be defended against the universal robber, for our own sakes, and for all nations. We are the *Army of Reserve*, in the cause of national independence, freedom of discussion, and public right. We must go to battle, exclaiming, Liberty, Britain, and the World! against Despotism, Ambition, and France. We have, though the reserve, the post of honour; for we alone are left on the field, to fight the battle of civil society. The interests of millions unborn are bound up in the issue of this great quarrel. It must be speedily decided: we must shrink from no perils by sea or by land.

We are acting a part in the greatest public drama ever represented. We are placed on an exalted stage. We have for spectators all the kings, governors, and people of Europe. Never was any public spectacle so august, and so awful. They are not looking at us for their amusement; but in the true spirit, and for the true object of the drama—for their instruction. The subject resembles one of ancient times. You have heard of Leonidas, the Greek, and of the narrow pass called Thermopylae, which he defended against an immense host of Persian invaders; and that, in defending that pass, he defended the whole country. We are in a similar situation now. We are now defending Europe. Before us we have a countless host of armed and disciplined plunderers and murderers. Behind us, and in keeping, we have a greater treasure than all the rights and liberties of ancient Greece: we have the freedom, the honour, the laws, the morality, of Europe, perhaps of all mankind.

We must play our parts well, when so much depends upon us; or we are,

one and all, ruined, past redemption. It is not by putting on fine clothes, and strutting across the proscenium, that we shall obtain applause. We must not merely *appear* heroes and conquerors; we must *be* heroes, and *become* conquerors. The reward of our success is glorious beyond measure. Not temporary approbation, not filthy lucre, not a petty suspension of dangerous rivalry. No! It comprehends every thing that can be worth having—PRAISE, PROFIT, SECURITY! For all are contained in the glorious recompense and prize that awaits the successful exertions of the preservers of the civil, political, and moral order of the world!

Loyalist.

EXTRACT from the SPEECH of ROBERT EMMET, a late leader of the Rebellion in Ireland, and Member of the Provisionary Government.

THE detestable nature of *French Politics, French Liberty, and French Alliances*, is so extremely apparent, that even the partizans of insurrection themselves, regard it with abhorrence. This is fully evinced by the following extract, which may be considered as expressing the dying sentiments of a zealous and determined enemy to the British Government. Though the sentiments above expressed, so far as they concern France, must be congenial to the feelings of every true born Englishman.

When called upon to know if he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, this unfortunate Gentleman addressed the Court and Jury nearly in the following terms:

"I am asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me. Was I to suffer

suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence—but a man in my situation has not only to combat with the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice—the sentence of the law, which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his character to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate myself from some of the charges advanced against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France; 'tis false! I am no emissary. I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all to France.—No! never did I entertain the idea of establishing French power in Ireland—God forbid! On the contrary, it is evident, from the introductory paragraph of the address of the Provincial Government, that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into the country—small would be our claims to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affection of the love of liberty, if we were to encourage the profanation of our shores by a people who are slaves themselves, and the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others.—If such an inference is drawn from any part of the Proclamation of the Provisional Government, it calumniates their views; and is not warranted by the fact.—How could they speak of freedom to their countrymen—how assume such an exalted motive, and meditate the introduction of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe. Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No! Let not, then, any man attaint my memory by believing, that I could have hoped

freedom through the aid of France, and betrayed the sacred cause of liberty by committing it to the power of her most determined foe. Had I done so, I had not deserved to live; and, dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would have given freedom. Had I been in Switzerland, I would have fought against the French.—In the dignity of freedom I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corse. Is it, then, to be supposed, that I would be slow to make the same sacrifices to my native land? Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her independence—and I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France?

“ My Lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the agent of French despotism and ambition; and while I have breath I will call upon my countrymen not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and their happiness. Though you, my lord, sit there a judge, and I stand here a culprit, yet you are but a man, and I am another; I have a right, therefore, to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and memory from the afflicting imputation of having been an emissary of France, or seeking her interference in the internal regulation of her affairs. Did I live to see a French

army approach this country, I would meet it on the shore, with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other; I would receive them with all the destruction of war! I would animate my country to immolate them in their very boats, and before our native soil should be polluted by a foreign foe. If they succeeded in landing, I would burn every blade of grass before them; raze every house; contend to the last for every inch of ground, and the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, that spot I would make my grave!—What I cannot do, I leave a legacy to my country, because I feel conscious that my death were unprofitable, and all hope of liberty extinct, the moment a French army obtained a footing in this island."

Imitation of the Epitaph written by Dr. Arbuthnot on Colonel Chartres; inscribed (by Anticipation) on a Gibbet, erected over a Dunghill, near Hastings, close by the Sea Beach.

Underneath this dunghill
Is all that remains of a mighty conqueror,
NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE;
Who, with inflexible cruelty of heart,
And unexampled depravity of mind,
Was permitted to scourge the earth, for a time,
With all the horrors of war:
Too ignorant and incapable to do good to mankind,
The whole force of his mind was employed
In oppressing the weak and plundering the industrious.
He was equally detested by all;
His enemies he butchered in cold blood;
And, fearing to leave incomplete the catalogue of his crimes,
His friends he rewarded with a poisoned chalice.
He was an epitome
Of all that was vicious in the worst of tyrants:
He possessed their cruelty without their talents;
Their madness without their genius;
The baseness of one, and the inbecility of another.
Providence at last, wearied out with his crimes,
Returned him to the dunghill from which he sprung;
After having held him forth 'on the neighbouring gibbet,
As a scarecrow to the invaders of the British coast:
This beach,
The only spot in our isle polluted by his footsteps;
This dunghill,
All that remains to him of his boasted conquest.
BRITON!
Ere you pass by, kneel, and thank thy God
For all the blessings of thy glorious Constitution;
Then return into the peaceful bosom of thy family, and continue
In the practice of those virtues
By which thy ancestors
Merit the favor of the Almighty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SLY REYNARD.

*An old Song, being a Say upon
THE THREATENED INVASION.*

THE Corsican Nero
That terrible Hero

Swears soon now to give us a call.
By my soul, we'll be glad,
To get sight of the Lad,
And we'll welcome him here one
and all.

He'll come with his floats,
And his flat-bottomed boats

To visit our snug little Island,
But lest that should be,
We will drown him at sea,
And there he may dive to get dry-
land.

These dastard French knaves
Sure are dealers in slaves,
That thus they 're to send them in
cargoes,

But lest these rebell,
When they come here to dwell,
On their Ports our Fleets still lay
embargo.

Shall slaves then so vile
E'er tread this dear Isle,
Where there breathes a whole
nation so brave?

Let them come,—we're prepared,
But I fear they are scared,
For we know that it must prove
their grave.

Thus cries Johnny Bull,
Who had longed for a pull
With a Consul so dapper and pretty,
“ So then after all
“ Bony won't come at all,
“ Dear me, 'tis a woundy great
pity.

“ Poor man he's afraid
“ That some trick will be played,
“ If he should set his foot on our
shore,
“ And faith he is right,
“ For he'll get a sad fright
“ And he'll never see France again
more.

Once a Lion, when sick,
(Old Æsop the Greek
I think that 'tis he tells the fable)
In his den staid at home,
Nor abroad chose to roam,
For his sickness had made him
unable.

All the other beasts then,
Came to call at his den,
Only Reynard was absent that day;
For he sly and wise,
Had observed with surprise,
That all entered,—but none came
away.

Now let us suppose,
(I'm not writing in prose
And in rhyme folks may feign as
they please)
That the Lion is ours,
Who among British Powers
May chuse in his den to take ease.

Little Bon the Princox,
Like the cunning old Fox
Means slyly in Paris to stay,
Whilst the other French fools,
Who are merely his tools,
Will come here—but will ne'er get
away.

And then on the beast
Our Lion will feast
Till he gluts himself deep with
his prey.
But lest I seem long
I will here end my song,
After thus having said out my say.

T. L. D. Miles et Scotus.

LIBERTY'S ADDRESS TO BRITONS.

BY W. HOLLOWAY,

Author of the Scenes of Youth, &c.

ON, Dover's tide-resisting cliff,
That over-shades the subject main,
Of every other refuge left,
Fair LIBERTY maintains her reign.

Her standard there she dares display,
There plant her heav'n-presented lance,
That glittering shoots a distant ray,
Terrific, to the shores of France!

And, hark!—She hails her chosen bands,
Who rally round her steadfast throne,—
“ Arise! and shew the trembling lands
“ Ye stand undaunted, though alone!

“ Let hosts of slaves, with rapine fir'd,
“ Attempt your heav'n-defended coast—
“ By me your gen'rous breasts inspir'd,
“ Shall scorn the vaunters empty boast.

“ In union firm, at Danger's call,
“ Be Briton still to Briton true—
“ Whate'er the wondering world befall,
“ *With you I live—or die with you!*”

Th' attentive winds, from caverns still,
Rush'd eager forth in Britain's cause—
Obedient to th' Almighty will—
Old Ocean heard, and roar'd applause.

SELECTED POETRY.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

IN the cause of Religion and Liberty arm'd,
Shall a Briton, by France breathing war, be alarm'd?
By her menaces mov'd, shall he seiz'd with affright,
Feel the Coward within, when he's call'd out to fight,
*No, no, fellow soldiers, the French we defy,
We will face them, and fight them, and conquer, or die.*

In the glorious defence of his Country and King,
Will a Briton disgrace on Old England e'er bring;
Will he shrink from the Corsican Tyrant with fear,
When he's rous'd to defend, what to all should be dear?

No, no, &c.

Can a Briton with freedom and property blest,
Unconcern'd, see his country by Frenchmen possess;
Can he tamely the thought of Invasion endure,
Without fighting, his freedom and wealth to secure?

No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, who knows what it is to be free,
For his slowness to fight, urge a plausible plea;
And to indolence wedded a sluggard remain,
When French blusterers threaten fair freedom to chain?

No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, who wishes throughout this rich Isle,
To see plenty and peace join'd with liberty, smile,
His resentment suppress, rising up against those,
Who with insolence aim to disturb his repose!

No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, regarding his child or his wife,
Who derive from his aid every comfort of life,
See his sword in his scabbard inactively sleep,
And the fruits of his labour French cormorants reap?

No, no, &c.

Can a Briton, supporting a feeble old sire,
Who, deserted by him, in a jail might expire,
Bear the thought of a Frenchman invading his land,
Which produces supplies to his bountiful hand?

No, no, &c.

'Tis enough, my brave comrades, whilst this is our song,
We may laugh at our foes, be they ever so strong;
We may laugh at their threats and their thunder defy,
For the valiant can always, or conquer or die—

We will laugh at their threats, for the French we defy,

We will face them and fight them, and conquer or die.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"To Anacreon in Heaven."

WHEN from chaos profound, this bright orbit was form'd,
As Britannia triumphantly rose from the sea,
The Gods thus declar'd (as with freedom they warn'd)
That her sons should be valiant, her shores should be free.

The

The charter was hail'd,
 And this order prevail'd,
 Thro' the world be it told, nor e'er yet has it fail'd,
 That Britons for ever shall freely entwine
 The fruits of their Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Thus thro' ages unrivall'd our country hath shone,
 To the world brav'd defiance, oppos'd all alarms;
 Let each bosom then glow, and each heart nobly own,
 That Britons *insulted* can still fly to arms.

Yes—to Freedom we'll raise
 Still our chorus of praise,
 And shame to the man that should tarnish her rays;

For Britons, &c.

Shall Britannia submit Gallic Laws to confess?
 Shall her honour be sullied, her sons basely fly?
 No, by Heavens, she shall not, while Britons possess
 Hearts of Oak, that can conquer, can rescue, or die.

Be your swords quickly hurl'd,
 Your banners unfurl'd,
 An emblem of Freedom—a sign to the world,

That Britons, &c.

Come souls, then, let's rouse, with one heart and one hand,
 'Tis the cause not of nations, 'tis your's, and 'tis mine,
 'Tis a cause which e'en cowards must rise to command,
 'Tis a cause in which parties must meet and conjoin.

Let each Englishman's toast
 Be—Success to the Host,
 Who have boldly engag'd to protect Britain's coast;
 For Britons, for ever, shall freely entwine
 The fruits of their Commerce round Liberty's shrine.

Manchester Gazette.

THE VOICE OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Tune—"Hearts of Oak."

AWAY, my brave boy! haste away to the shore:
 Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
 To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn—
 Let them come—we'll take care they shall never return;
 For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,

*United, we're ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 To fight for our LIBERTY, LAWS, and our KING.*

They

They boast in the dark they will give us the slip:
 The attempt may procure them a dangerous dip;
 Our bold Tars are watching in Ocean's green lap,
 To give them a long *Jacobinical nap*.
 But should they steal over, with one voice we'll sing—
United we're ready, &c.

They knew that united, we sons of the waves
 Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen, nor grovel like slaves;
 So ere they durst venture to touch on our strand,
 They sent black Sedition to poison our land,
 But around all our shores now the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

They swore we were slaves, were all lost and undone;
 That a Jacobin nostrum, as sure as a gun,
 Would make us all equal, and happy, and free;
 'Twas only to dance round their Liberty's tree.
 No, no! round our shores let the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

'Twas only to grant them the kiss call'd fraternal—
 A kiss which all Europe has found most infernal;
 And then they maintain'd the effect could not miss—
 We should all be as blest as the Dutch and the Swiss!
 No, no! round our shores let the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

With lies, and with many a Gallican wile,
 They spread their dire poison o'er Erin's green Isle;
 But now each *skillalah* is ready to thwack,
 And baste the lean ribs of the Gallican Quack.
 All around Erin's shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

Stout Sandy, our brother, with heart and with hand,
 And his well-try'd *Glaxmore*, joins the patriot band.
 Now Jack, Pat, and Sandy thus cordial agree,
 We sons of the waves shall for ever be free,
 While around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

As they could not deceive, they now threaten to pour
 Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and devour;
 To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,
 Nor cease to destroy till Britannia's no more.
 Let them come, if they dare—hark! the notes loudly ring,
United, we're ready, &c.

My sweet rosy Nan is a true British wife,
And loves her dear Jack as she loves her own life;
Yet she girds on my sword, and smiles while I glow,
To meet the proud French, and to lay their heads low;
And chants 'tween each buss, while the notes loudly ring,

My Jack, thou art ready!

Steady, boys, steady,

Go fight for thy Liberty, Laws, and thy King.

And Ned, my brave lad, with a true British heart,
Has forsaken his plough, has forsaken his cart;
E'en Dolly has quitted, to dig in a trench,
All, all for the sake of a cut at the French;
While he sings all day long, and the notes loudly ring,

I'm ready, I'm ready!

Steady, boys, steady,

To fight for my Liberty, Laws, and my King.

Away then, my boys! haste away to the shore,
Our foes, the base French, boast they're straight coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder, and ravish, and burn—
They may come—but, by Jove, they shall never return;
For around all our shores, hark! the notes loudly ring,

United, we're ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

To fight for our Liberty, Laws, and our King.

THE SCOTCH VOLUNTEER.

O Wha will bleed for our king's right,
His crown and kingdoms thrie!
For France, wi' meikle pow'r and pride,
Is coming o'er the sea.

O we will fight for our king's sake,
As lang as life remains,
As lang 's the tide o' Scottish blude
Flows frae our ebbing veins!

We'll march to England, ane an' a',
Tho' 'twere as far again,
Never to see blythe Scotland mair,
If our gude king be ta'en!

Tho' faes on faes our king surround,
We'll cut a way out through!
We'll bring him hame to Scotland safe,
Tho' foot and horse pursue.

We'll set him on yon castle tower,
And on his head the crown,
Wi' ranked spears and faithfu' breasts,
We'll form a rampart roun'.

And there, for Scotland's crown and
king,

We'll dig a noble grave,
Ere our king die a traitor's death,
Or live an exil'd slave.

CALEDONIA'S ADDRESS TO BONAPARTE.

STRANGE mortal o' the human race,
That cause sic din in ilka place,
Ye're surely void o' sense an' grace
As well as feelin;
But now ye've nearly ran your race
I'll wad a shillin.

Invasion's

Invasion's unco easy said,
 An' a' ye're gan-boats 'maist are made;
 What tho wi' Dutch an' d Spanish aid
 Ye shou'd come ore,
 Each loon will meet a reeking blade
 Upo' our shore.

Weken quite weel what ye've been doin,
 In lands ye've laid in waste an' ruin;
 Ye're mad career ye're still pursuin
 Wi' eager speed;
 Ye're vengeful head is a' construin
 Some wicked deed.

At Jaffa what did ye do there—
 Poor sickly Turks ye' did no spare,
 But each of poison had his share,
 By ye're command;
 An' thousands sacrific'd were
 Upo the sand.

Ye also ken, on Egypt's plains,
 When ye ran o'er wi' bluidy stains;
 Poor widows, wives, an' helpless weans,
 Did no escape
 What feelin mortals a' disdain—
 A lustful rape.

There ye went on in wanton plight,
 Committing outrage day and night;
 Wi' chiefs invincible to fight
 Ye cut a swagger,
 Till Highland lads gie ye a fright
 Wi' sword an' dagger.

An' if ye'd no run awa ye're sell,
 Ye ne'er wou'd ha' got lieve to tell,
 How Highland Laddies bore the bell
 Upo yon heath,
 Where Abercromby nobly fell
 A glorious death.

That's just a snatch o' highland game;
 An should ye once more try their fame,
 I'll wad a great ye'll be more tame,
 No quite so hearty;
 'T will end in thy immortal shame,
 Oh Bonaparte!

Manchester Gazette.

W.W.

THE VOLUNTEER.

Written by the Rev. W. BUTLER, M.A.
Vincit amor patriæ, laudumque im-
mensa cupido.

HARK! hark! the martial trumpets
 sound,
 And one and all the notes obey;
 Undaunted myriads throng around:
 Yes! We shall fight the foe to-day!
 Thy Soldier parts.—But, why so wan,
 So pensive grows my love with fear?
 What! wou'd'st thou have a loyal man
 Refuse to prove a Volunteer?

Oh! 'tis a glorious call to strife!
 Each individual fights the cause
 Of parents, children, self, and wife,
 Of friends, King, country, faith and
 laws.

What! wou'd'st thou have a Briton
 bold
 Consent the name of "Slave" to
 hear?

Ah! sooner far shalt thou behold
 Low laid in earth a Volunteer.

For, what were England but a jail,
 Encircled with her chain—the sea,
 If, though I liv'd, I must bewail
 The loss of Liberty and thee!
 Say, what is life, when bondmen groan,
 Bereft of all their souls hold dear?
 I covet freedom and renown,
 And, therefore, rise a Volunteer.

The purity thy truth display'd
 Shall animate my constant heart;
 Then, let the Battle rage! sweet Maid!
 For thee I'll dare the foremost dart.
 Oh! 'tis a gallant thing to die,
 Preserving all we value here,
 Come, dry thy sorrows;—here stand I,
 My SUSAN's loyal Vo. lunteer.

With

With steady looks, and breasts elate,
 Marching our native plains to guard,
 We leave to Heav'n the chance of fate;
 But claim the hero's last reward:
 For, trust me, love, howe'er we speed,
 (Or victory or death is near)
 Fame's greenest wreath shall be the
 meed
 Of every British Volunteer.

Whoever meets the stroke of death,
 Shall sleep recorded 'midst the brave;
 His friends shall bless his parting breath,
 And warriors deck a soldier's grave.
 If SUSAN close my clay-cold eyes,
 If SUSAN tend my humble bier,
 No Monarch's gorgeous obsequies
 Can equal mine, her Volunteer.

In life, in death, my love is thine:
 But now our Country calls to arms,
 I feel an energy divine
 Add to that love ten thousand charms.
 Now, SUSAN's sinks in England's name;
 Now, private, public ties appear:
 My loyalty is all on flame,
 Dear girl! I'm England's Volunteer.

Hark! hark! the martial trumpets sound,
 And one and all the notes obey;
 Undaunted myriads throng around:
 Yes! we shall fight the foe to-day!
 Never their standard *tri-color*
 Shall BONAPARTE's legions rear
 In triumph on fair Freedom's shore,
 Whilst ALBION boasts one Volunteer.

ENGLISHMEN & FRENCHMEN.

Our Englishmen they stood
 On Egypt's burning sands,
 And there the Frenchmen stood,
 The bravest of their bands.

They had conquer'd Egypt's land
 When Bonaparte was there,
 But the sight of the English band
 Made the Frenchmen pale with fear.

Our Englishmen they fought,
 Our Englishmen they bled;
 But our Englishmen they fought,
 Till they left the Frenchmen dead.

And to those they did not slay,
 When the battle raged sore,
 Our Englishmen did say,
 We are enemies no more.

So they rais'd the wounded men,
 And set the pris'ners free;
 And thus did our Englishmen,
 In the land beyond the sea.

But the Frenchmen, what did they,
 When Jaffa's town they won?
 Three thousand men, next day,
 They murder'd every one.

And now these base Frenchmen
 Are coming here to fight;
 So let the battle rage,
 And God defend the right!

They have conquer'd the Swiss and
 Dutch,
 They have conquer'd the nations
 around;

But they never yet have seen
 A battle on English ground.

And never shall they say,
 And never shall they boast,
 That a battle on English ground,
 By Englishmen was lost.

For we are the sons of men,
 Who fought on Cressy's plain;
 And what our fathers did,
 Their sons can do again.

Morning Post.

H. B.

TO ARMS ;

OR A CALL

TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

BY MR. COURTENAY.

YE Volunteers, hark to my Song,
And the Spirit of Britons proclaim,
To the standard of loyalty throng,
And rival your ancestor's fame.

CHORUS.

*Then wield the sword, and load the gun,
And hurry to the field,
We'll soon compel the French to run—
JOHN BULL will never yield.*

The Tyrant may embark his host
His slavish Conscript cheer ;
With blood we've often dy'd their coast,
But when were Frenchmen here ?

Then wield, &c.

And dare they venture now to come,
Or touch the British shore ;
Awake the fife, and beat the drum,
And bid the cannon roar.

Then wield, &c.

Array'd in arms, rush on the foe,
Compel the slaves to fly ;
For British hearts with Freedom glow ;
We'll conquer, or will die.

Then wield, &c.

To rob and murder is their trade,
Such is the war they wage,
The matron and the beauteous maid,
Are victims of their rage.

Then wield, &c.

For all that's dear thy soldier fights,
His country calls to arms ;
To guard her ancient glorious rights,
And beauty's sacred charms.

Then wield, &c.

The hardy Swiss, on Freedom's rock,
Defy'd the treacherous foe ;
Out-number'd, brav'd the battle's shock,
And dealt th' avenging blow.

Then wield, &c.

Britain! in arms a million shine,
Your fertile plains to shield ;
To guard your daughter's blooming
charms,
And win the bloody field.

Then wield, &c.

While Vict'ry crowns our glorious toil,
Triumphantly we'll sing,
Our Liberty and native soil,
And England's glorious King.

CHORUS.

*Then wield the sword, and load the gun,
And hurry to the field ;
We'll soon compel the French to run—
JOHN BULL will never yield.*

Morning Post.

THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN.

I see, as in the days of old,
Britannia's warlike Spirit rise ;
I see him vigorous and bold :
“ To arms! my gallant Sons!” he
cries.

“ Defy the ravening power of France :
Her threat'ning and her guile defy :
BOLD in your steady ranks advance ;
And on your righteous cause rely.

With you no nation can compare,
For freedom and for upright laws :
Ye know your rights, and knowing dare
Be valiant in your righteous cause.
Ye will, with ready heart and hand,
Immediate to your shores descend :
Ye will, your rights, and native land,
Your roofs and families defend.

From every hill and dale around,
My Britons! heirs of endless fame,
I hear your martial clangor sound ;
I hear, with joy your loud acclaim.
My military youth behold !
Whom no assailant shall dismay ;
How firm! how resolute and bold !
How graceful in their bright array ;

How

How graceful is the gallant youth,
 Whose heart with martial ardour
 glows!
 The Champion of a nation's truth!
 Th' avenger of our wrongs and woes!
 On him our expectations wait,
 His dear, dear country's hope and
 stay,
 A pillar in our peerless state:
 In glory's crown a brilliant ray.

Now while the martial danger sounds,
 And wide the waving banners fly,
 How eagerly his bosom bounds!
 What light'ning flashes in his eye!
 Awake, ye minstrels, wake the lyre;
 Full let the mighty descant flow,
 For him who breathes heroic fire;
 And hurls defiance at the foe.

A gentler breath pervades the sky!
 And soft the beam of orient day!
 Was it a maiden's tender sigh?
 Her melting blue-eye's dewy ray?
 Cease, gentle maiden, cease to mourn;
 Let no alarm your bosom move:
 Soon will the valiant youth return,
 Victorious, to your faithful love.

Go forth my gallant sons! and save
 Your country from a cruel foe:
 The rage of bloody conflict brave;
 And lay the proud oppressor low.
 Despise his menace; scorn his wiles;
 And lay him spurning in the dust!
 For HEAVEN on your endeavor smiles:
 'To HEAVEN for timely succour trust!'

SCOTCH SONG.

By J. H. M.

TUNE—*Cameronian's Rant*.

O What an unco noise an din there is
 thro' a the land man,
 An' greater wark to face a foe auld Eng-
 land's fouls ne'er fand man:

But they the Deil a bit need care,
 Nor a their wives an' weanies scare,
 For if they come they'll rue it sair:
 We'll gar them jump,
 Wi' mony a lump,
 An' clumsy thump,
 An' steer their rump,
 Anither road that day man.

An' do ye think that Scotland's lads will
 stan' an' see them come man,
 An' file their breeks wi' scornfu' fear, or
 hide them up the lum man?
 Anither story faith they'll tell,
 I ken o' twa three lads mysell,
 There's Andrew Smith and Tammy
 Bell,
 An' Geordie Rae—sic lads as thae
 Wad gar wee Bonny dance man.

Then Scotia's and England's lads may
 tak their cog an' gill man,
 For while they haud the gither firm,
 let come what foe there will man;
 Guid faith he'll prove a scabby tyke,
 That puts his nose intill our bike,
 Ilk bee wad be in sic a fyke,
 That a' wad rin, wi' sword and gun,
 The wark begun, 'twad be but fun
 'To Scotch an' English lads man.

Then come sit down, neer fash your
 thumb', let's sing our sang at
 ease man,
 An' let wee Bonaparte come whenever
 he shall please man;
 The present moment still is ours,
 Then let's before dame fortune lours
 Strive to enjoy't we a' our powers;
 An' if by chance, the chaps o' France,
 Shou'd hither prance, we'll gar them
 dance
 The Cameronian's Rant man.

Manchester Gazetteer.

FRENCH

FRENCH FOLLY.

Tune,

Come all Hands a-hoy to the Anchor.
 French boasters by way of false cover,
 Some desperate project to aid;
 Would fain make it seem Europe over,
 Old England they mean to invade;
 As Madness is folly's attendant,
 However by plunder allur'd;
 If e'er they attempt it, depend on't,
 They'll then of their madness be cur'd.

CHORUS.

*With ourselves let what will be the
 matter,
 At the helm whosoever may sit;
 'Tis not in an Englishman's nature,
 To Gallican Laws to submit.*

What rock we soever may split on,
 Whatever the Fates may decree;
 He can't in his heart be a Briton,
 French Rulers who wants here to see;
 About their huge Rafts let 'em vapour,
 And flourish away on dry ground;
 But trust me 'tis only on paper
 These terrible things can be found.

With ourselves, &c.

The Army of England—so christen'd,
 To storm us pretensions may make,
 But those who to secrets have listen'd,
 Think Ireland they mean to attack;
 Tho' some have with confidence said it,
 Let who will sit down at the loss,
 I ne'er to the tale can give credit,
 That ever the Channel they'll cross.

With ourselves, &c.

'Tis said, those who know their pre-
 scriptions,
 No soul that has tasted revere,
 Are going to plague the Egyptians,
 And humble the Dey of Algiers.
 The banks of the Nile they may scour,
 And plant what they please on the
 soil;
 Like locusts the country devour,
 But ne'er shall subdue Britain's isle.

With ourselves, &c.

This odd whim just now seems to seize
 'em,

To India they cast a side look;
 The game which most highly would
 please 'em,
 Would be, a few Nabobs to pluck.
 The Popedom they've root and branch
 ript up;
 Of conquest their hopes still are full;
 And when the Grand Turk's heels
 they've tript up,
 They'll then set about the Mogul.

A SONG OF PITY ON
BONAPARTE.Tune.—“*Cease rude Boreas.*”

CEASE, brave Britons, from invective—
 Spare a wretch, so mean and low!
 See, with torments more effective,
 Conscience comes, his deadly foe!
 Though with high-flown, blustering
 speeches,
 Bonaparte's tongue may swell;
 His every action plainly teaches,
 That his bosom is a hell!

Heavenly Freedom's hallow'd flowers,
 To this isle their sweets impart:
 Whilst, *without*, the tempest lowers,
 Sun-beams play upon the heart.
 Mark the contrast, I adjure ye!
 The Tyrant's breast with torture
 wrings—

Passion's slave—who, like a Fury,
 Goads him with her scorpion stings!

To others Providence dispenses,
 When with care or toil oppress,
 Celestial balm to lull the senses,
 And lock them in the arms of rest.
 Gallia's Despot ne'er reposes:
 Painful vigils doom'd to keep,
 His eyes no friendly slumber closes
 For “Macbeth has murder'd sleep.”

If

If engag'd in festive riot,
 Banquo's ghosts in thousands rise!
 Does he seek domestic quiet?
 Blood-stain'd daggers meet his eyes!
 In the tent, for war preparing,
 He's with Jaffa's scenes accurst!
 Vultures fierce his vitals tearing—
 Hark! his very heart-strings burst!

Can you o'er so weak a creature,
 The flag of scorn in triumph bear;
 'Tis repugnant to your nature—
 Rather shed the pitying tear.
 Cease, then, Britons, from invective,
 Spare a wretch sunk deep in woe:
 A prey to torments more effective—
 CONSCIENCE, HIS ETERNAL FOE.

S.

British Press.

CA N'IRA PAS.

A SEQUEL TO CA IRA.

BY MR. DIDOT.

Monsieur, mon general, first Consul,
 I vill not tell no lie;

I come de English Jonny Bull
 And all his trick to spy.

First, ven I get from sea-sick free,
 Just after Dover cliff,
 I spy, vat I have never see,
 One charmant piece rost bif.

Ta ra la, la, la,
 Arrete ton bras

Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Ma foi ça
 n'ira pas!

I spy von people grand, so good

The lamb is no so mild

If unprovoke—put up his blood—
 The tyger's no so wild.

I spy the men so bold advance,
 For honour risk is lifes,

And, vat I never spy in France,
 The women all good vifes.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrete ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Soyez sur
 ça n'ira pas!

We say the English dog is spawn
 De mastiff—dat is right;
 For, though like us he never fawn,
 Upon my soul he bite.

That all your scheme will be forsake
 I know by what I've spied;
 So, as you'll not the lion take,
 You must not sell his hide.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrete ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Mon dieu,
 ça n'ira pas!

They glory have not moche to seek,
 For Freedom haf soche charms?
 Tout la Canaille, in bout six week,
 Are hero all in arms.

You must not tink you can prevail!
 They're fortified all parts;
 And, if you come, you'll have to scale
 A wall of English hearts.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrete ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Grand
 dieu, ça n'ira pas!

Thus, my commission to fulfil,
 I spy vat vill be found;
 One half your army vill be kill,
 T' other vill be drown'd.

So, if in France he's all go mad,
 He may expect to come;
 If in his vit, he would be glad,
 Better to stay at home.

Ta, ra, la, la, la,
 Arrete ton bras,
 Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Oh!
 diable, ça n'ira pas!

British Press.





THE UPSHOT OF THE INVASION,
or BONY in a fair way for Davery's Locker

Published for Vernor & Hood, Printers.



OF THE INVASION,
my for Davey's Locker.

for Hood & Poulter.